

## **Children Of Bodom**

# **"Trashed, Lost & Strungout"**

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Whoa yeah!

1, 2, 3, 40 and the thrill of the bright sweet night is a  
question of you.

Tryin' to be kickin' ass to help me out  
After all you know I never wanna go

Before I go high, I'm very down  
The only bottle left to drink, again and again

You know I can't go the other way without being trashed  
lost and strungout

Why do I slice them out?

When together try something, drug you question me,  
Whats to coming out?

Before I go high, I'm very down  
The only bottle left to drink, again and again

Come on!

Maybe I set my tracks to my life  
What the fuck have I done to you  
And the trashed people askin' my head until I sweat  
Now tell me what the fuck to do!

One day I gettin to the point where I aint gonna do,  
Nothing but try to be strungout on you  
You let me drown way deep down below  
For the fleeting past to let go  
Went to the end to raise my better half  
Lookin' at my own reflection  
Forever I saw him kissin' you goodbye  
To kill my soul and diction

Before I walk I need the ground  
You know me poor, I never return  
Up yours and next you tell me "fucking whore"  
The only bottle left to drink, before I go!

One day I gettin to the point where I aint gonna do,  
Nothing but try to be strungout on you

You let me drown way deep down below  
For the fleeting past to let go  
Went to the end to raise my better half  
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